

**Eastern Illinois University**  
**The Keep**

---

1945

With the Colors: Jasper County IL Servicemen  
Overseas, 1941-1945

---

5-29-1945

# Placing Flowers (poem) 5-29-1945

Newton Illinois Public Library

Follow this and additional works at: [http://thekeep.eiu.edu/with\\_the\\_colors\\_1945](http://thekeep.eiu.edu/with_the_colors_1945)

---

## Recommended Citation

Newton Illinois Public Library, "Placing Flowers (poem) 5-29-1945" (1945). 1945. 271.  
[http://thekeep.eiu.edu/with\\_the\\_colors\\_1945/271](http://thekeep.eiu.edu/with_the_colors_1945/271)

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the With the Colors: Jasper County IL Servicemen Overseas, 1941-1945 at The Keep. It has been accepted for inclusion in 1945 by an authorized administrator of The Keep. For more information, please contact [tabruns@eiu.edu](mailto:tabruns@eiu.edu).

"PLACING FLOWERS" *May 29, 1945*

The twenty-ninth of May! I am reminded,  
That on the morrow crowds the nation wide,  
Will gather, and with flags and wreaths of flowers,  
Will decorate the graves of love and pride.  
So I have come this day to Silent City,  
To search and find the graves that are renowned,  
And place my flowers so that all may notice,  
My proud bouquets are resting with their own.  
I'll stroll the green and carefully I'll ponder.  
Each mound I pass, so I'll be sure to miss,  
No resting place that's apt to be remembered.  
For wealth or valor or for honored bliss.  
Now, here's a grave marked only by a thin slab,  
A name almost forgotten, rudely drawn,  
I'm sure no one will drop the smaller blossom,  
For all he ever did was done with brawn.  
Still, wait a moment. I have heard my father,  
Speak almost reverently of this man's deeds.  
Although he left no mark for his own glory,  
He lent a helping hand to those with needs.  
But here is one. The tomb of old Aunt Molly,  
I've heard them tell how she couldn't write nor read.  
And how she brewed herb teas and spoke of tokens,  
And smoked an old clay pipe and smelly weed.  
Yet, mother tells me how when ills and evils,  
Beset the poor, all others would repair,  
Unto their own hearth, sure that at the bedside,  
All through the night would rock Aunt Molly's chair.  
There! See that little raised spot in the greensward,  
A very tiny infant was placed there.  
How sad to think that from the world 'twas taken,  
Before it had the time its fruits to bear.  
On second thought the prints of baby fingers,  
Indelibly are stamped in what was home.  
It brought in its brief stay the light and sunshine,  
And so accomplished more by far than some.  
Stop. This mound here is the six feet allotted,  
Unto a man in prime, but with bad name.  
Drink, slothful work, dishonest, petty thieving,

The pity, he was weak. The world's  
to blame.

This thought I've gleaned. There are  
no undeserving,

So if I decorate with thoughts of  
grace.

Tomorrow, I can wander, crowds for-  
getting,

At random, still with reverence,  
flowers to place.